

## SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 10, 1913.

## TALKING HIS HEAD OFF.

Henry Lane Wilson, one time United States minister to Mexico, is still engaged in the task of detaching his head from his shoulders with the ax of conversation. His theme continues to be the diplomatic situation in Mexico and his faith in the virtues of the Mexican dictator seem not to have been disturbed since he presumably assisted that autocrat in obtaining possession of the government.

The strictures passed by Mr. Wilson on the policy of the administration have only such weight and strength as can be given them by a discredited diplomat, one who took advantage of his position to attempt to defeat the purposes of the government he was representing, one who, had he been in military instead of diplomatic service would have under similar circumstances subjected himself to trial by court martial on the charge of treason, and who as it was escaped, through the leniency of the administration, all but the contempt of his fellow citizens.

It is, therefore, of little importance that Mr. Wilson should express the belief that "Hua Huerta has been accorded diplomatic courtesies from this government peace and order in Mexico would have been brought nearer than they have been brought." Hua Huerta has had every opportunity a usurper could have to accomplish what Mr. Wilson seems to believe him capable of, but the situation in Mexico has steadily grown more hopeless, plainly indicating that the people are not behind the Huerta movement.

It was impossible that the United States should recognize a government established on intrigue and cold-blooded murder, and every day it has grown more impossible, if such an expression may be used. It is apparent to Pres. Wilson and the people of the United States, if not to Huerta himself, that the dictatorship cannot endure and that any election controlled by it will not be productive of peace and order. A proper foundation must be laid before Mexico can build an enduring government.

## A SUFFRAGE "JOKER."

An example comes from San Francisco of the slow and graduated process by which women are to attain full citizenship. The women of California have been given the ballot, but a legal bar has been raised to their further enjoyment of political rights on an equality with men.

Judge Lawler of the superior court refused to issue a special venire for a jury of women on the ground that it was not the province of his court to "follow fantastical methods in the administration of justice," and held that the state law made no provision for the qualification of women as jurors.

According to this judicial authority the code of civil procedure in California distinctly provides that juries shall be composed of men and that the granting of the franchise to women did not give them the right to sit on juries. The terms of the opinion was delivered plainly indicates that Judge Lawler entertains more or less prejudice against the participation of women in public affairs and if he stated the law correctly the women of California had a "joker" slipped over on them when the suffrage act was passed.

The application for a jury of women reflects the belief that the suffrage law conferred full citizenship on the women of that state, and that may have been its intent and purpose, but according to Judge Lawler's reading of the law judicial procedure was overlooked. If this is true it was a serious blunder and one which will require several years to correct. It will give the opposition a foothold for further contention.

Indiana suffragists should be warned against a similar mistake. The legislation they secure should be complete as far as it goes. It should contain no "jokers" like that which seems to have been discovered in the California law.

## A FAVORED CLIME.

There was a thrill in the spectacle presented by Mother Earth Sunday morning when she appeared in her new winter gown. Embroideries of autumn leaves and delicate traceries of vines and twigs with a roll of ermine at the throat relieved the level white plainness and disclosed the source of the wonderful Japanese art.

But the thrill was not confined to the lovers of the beautiful in nature alone. There is a spirit in our northern winters which find a responsive chord in the breasts of those "native and to the manor born," and the snow is its physical expression. We of the north feel rich in possession of the four well defined seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. Each has its beauties and its charm and the procession lends variety and spice to life in these northern climes.

There is a warm, sensual beauty in the perennial bloom of the tropics and semi-tropics. It woos the senses in a seductive way, but to the one bred to the delicate delights of the northern spring, the gorgeous abundance of the northern summer, the gorgeous magnificence of the northern autumn and the vigorous spirit and chaste splendors of the northern winter it falls. Its monotonous sweetness, like being "slayed with the luscious sighs of Dalmatians."

Each of the four seasons of this favored clime is a relish for the next succeeding. Winter brings a longing for the ethereal spirit of spring, and the joy of witnessing the unfolding of the summer can be likened only to the development of a beautiful child. Then summer glides almost imperceptibly into the glorious autumnal season with its brilliant skies, its glittering atmosphere and gorgeous plumage, and from that to winter the transition is easy and welcome.

Each of our seasons has its distinct and irresistible charm and each in its turn contributes to that vigorous life which makes the north the source of greatest activity and enterprise.

## A CENTRALIZING INFLUENCE.

An interesting chart is printed by the Chicago Tribune showing that the middle west is behind all other sections of the country in increase of population.

The curious thing about it is that this discrepancy in the growth of population is due to the facilities that have been afforded for making rural life easier.

In Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Iowa and Missouri the increase for the decade from 1900 to 1910 was less than ten per cent. In Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Nebraska and Kansas the increase was from ten to twenty per cent. The other states range from thirty to fifty per cent.

In this instance the lure of the city is not given as a reason. On the contrary the growth of population is said to have been checked by the wiping out of rural centers and the introduction of improved farm machinery. The rural mail service and the trolley lines are charged with the responsibility of the former.

Hundreds of small postoffices have been abolished by the rural service and farmers have no further occasion to visit the small trade centers built up around the old mail service. The stores and small industries formerly supported by them have disappeared. The improvement of farm machinery, requiring less help and less time, has reduced the number of men needed on a farm. The free delivery and the trolley line have turned the population to a more common center.

The effect of these influences it is seen is centralizing. The "corners" and the villages are being depopulated to increase the population of the larger centers, and with this reinforcement from their own environment they are not drawing from other sources.

Population follows opportunity and where that is absent it does not go. The improvements mentioned seem to be changing the character of the country, making it more distinctly rural and urban.

Sister Mary Juliana Lamb, who for fifty-six years has been in charge of the children who boarded at St. Xavier's academy, Chicago, is dead. A brief story of a life of sacrifice and devotion.

An army of 1,700 hunters by actual count has crossed the straits of Mackinac to enter the woods of northern Michigan today. The press bureaus have completed arrangements for recording the casualties.

Pres. Huerta gets little consolation out of the foreign envoys. A majority of them do not approve his defiance of the United States. This is one reason why Huerta is slipping while seeming not to slip.

The assembling of troops on the Mexican border is becoming an accustomed spectacle. It merely means that the U. S. means business of any kind Huerta wishes to transact.

The northern coast of the Mediterranean is lined with United States battleships, not to intimidate the Europeans but to show Huerta that we don't expect war with Mexico.

The return of Harry Thaw to New York is coincident with Evelyn's first and only (?) appearance in South Bend. At that Evelyn is entitled to whatever sympathy may be available.

We are willing to accept the snowstorm of Sunday as our squaw winter. If it means that Indian summer is to follow.

Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout was re-elected president of the Illinois

## THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

WE observe with a proper sense of the calamitous nature of the event that the last survivor of the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency the first time is again dead.

This time, we believe, it occurred in Ohio, but confers no special distinction on the state which has ceased temporarily at least, to be the mother of presidents, since it is but a repetition of the experience of many of the other states that were a part of the union in 1860.

We have not kept a strict account, but a reasonable estimate of the number of last survivors who have died conveys the impression that it must have been a very large convention.

## A Waste of Osculation.

(Middlebury Independent.)  
 Girls in a nearby city raised \$10,000 for a hospital by selling kisses at \$1 each. If Middlebury girls had received that price for the kisses distributed this year, sufficient funds would have been raised to have built a dozen hospitals, twelve miles of paved streets, a city hall, a bridge over the St. Joe river at Elkhart and have a balance of \$99.88.

A CONJUNCTION of Friday and the 13th will be averted this week by the margin of a fraction of a second. The margin is not much when it comes to comparing it with the ages that are past, but it is sufficient to relieve the minds of the superstitious.

## The Mixed Society Editor.

(Burr Oak Acorn.)  
 You know some times things get mixed. This is said to be the way a wedding and an auction sale announcement went wrong in a certain country weekly: William Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Smith, and Lucy Anderson, were disposed of at public sale at my farm one mile east in the presence of seventy guests, including two span of mules and nine head of fine Jersey cows. Rev. Patterson tied the nuptial knot for the parties averaging 1250 pounds on hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was decorated with one sulky rake, one set of work harness nearly new and just before the ceremony was performed Mendelssohn's wedding march was rendered by one milch cow five years old, one Durham cow and four sheep, who carried bride's roses and was very beautiful. She wore a light spring wagon, three crates of apples.

eight crates of potatoes, three racks of hay and one grindstone. The happy couple left at once for an extended trip. Terms cash.

"I don't know whether we better let our boys play Notre Dame or not," says Ring Lardner in the W. G. N. Don't worry, Ring, the Midway loves an easy mark.

IT is nevertheless true that Notre Dame is entitled on form and performance to a chance at the western championship.

## The Quaint Truth.

(North Judson News.)  
 How often we see a man get out and look all over town for his dog, if it is not at home in the evening, when his son or daughter can stay away until the wee hours of the night and he will never inquire once where he or she is, or care what kind of company they may be in. And still we wonder at the increase in crime.

GETTING over an election is a more serious process in some cases than getting ready for it. The difference usually lies in an inordinate conception of responsibility for results.

## The Obdurate Sinner.

(Laporte Argus-Bulletin.)  
 There are some chapters in holy writ to which we might turn for comfort, but we are not going to do it.

BULLETIN in South Bend Tribune window: "Thaw Extradited Back to New York."

## The Indians Will be Glad.

(White Pigeon News.)  
 Daniel Boone died at Colwater Tuesday evening of pneumonia.

AFTER the developments of the past few days can any woman be sure that she has an admirer? There is a more painful disillusionment?

E. D. Wright of Benton Harbor advertises for a typewriter with a universal keyboard. We hope he does not mean typist.

THIS is the week of the fateful announcement.

BE prepared for the worst.

—C. N. F.

## A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

## THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of *The Perfect Tribute, etc.*

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(Continued From Saturday.)

"Keep up your courage, comrade; we are going to see our homes yet," he said. "I shall take care of you. Look!"—and I looked, and he had a sledge with fur robes on it. I never knew where he got it—from some deserted Russian house, I suppose. He put me on the sledge and wrapped me in the furs and gave me brandy from his flask. For Zappi had done a clever thing. He had made a bargain with some Jesuits near Polotsk, where he had camped for a while, that his men should cut and beat the wheat necessary on condition that they should have a part of the brandy for them. He had kept some of his share yet, and it saved my life that day, the brandy of the monks of Polotsk.

"So Zappi drew me, weak and helpless, on the sledge for days, and cared for me like a baby, and brought me back to comparative strength. One would believe that after such kindness I would gladly have given my life for my friend. Instead of that I tried to take his life."

The shock that caught the little figure down on the stool arrested the general's deep voice. He lowered the paper and said, "Wait, wait, Monsieur the Marshal; wait till you hear the story; don't condemn a man unheard," he interjected. The reading went on.

"There was a thick fog on that day, and out of it, and out of the wood we must pass, rushed with wild cries a cloud of mounted Cossacks across the road within twenty paces of the Emperor himself. But General Rapp dashed forward at the head of two mounted squadrons of chasseurs and grenadiers of the guard who always followed the Emperor, and the Cossacks were put to flight. I was in charge; I was serving temporarily in the place of one of Rapp's officers, because, on account of my late weakness, it was thought well that I should be on horseback. So it happened that, as the skirmish finished, I saw coming toward me a figure in a furred coat and cap, brandishing a Cossack lance—rushing toward the Emperor. I dashed down on the mad Cossack,

suffrage association, but she had the fight of her political life.

Perhaps the smaller cities of the middle west may expect an influx of fake doctors following the raid in Chicago.

After all the fight over the currency bill is not fiercer or more bitter than that over the tariff bill, and the president won that.

Well, why not settle the traction troubles the same way the trolley troubles in Indianapolis are to be settled?

Dancing for charity tonight will make a lot of little children feel like dancing for joy.

Getting ready to go home for Thanksgiving Mother is expecting you.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Nov. 10.—You did what every man has a right to do—protect his family," said Magistrate James S. Keigwin when he dismissed the charge of murder against Walter Nelson. Nelson killed George Bush, a Negro peeper, Thursday morning, while the black man was prowling about Nelson's premises.

as I thought him, and passed my saber through his body. And the man fell, and as he fell the fur cap went off and he groaned and looked up at me with dying eyes—it was Zappi."

"This little figure had sprung up and stood, fists clenched, threatening. One would have thought it was this second that the general had sabred Zappi."

"May I live a moment?" the general asked. "Till I explain. Zappi did not die."

"Ah!" again. And Francois sank relieved on the stool, yet with stern eyes still on the general's face. The general laid the papers aside. "Not he. He had seized the lance from a Russian whom he had killed—it was most imprudent, especially in the dress he wore, which did not show the French uniform underneath. It was my turn then to play nurse. He was placed in one of the carriages of the Emperor, and I cared for him as my own brother, and he came through it all, and went back to Italy, to his home."

The general's deep-set eyes were gazing now above Francois' head out through the narrow window where the boy's table stood across the mountain slope, to the blue distance.

"Alessandro, my friend," he spoke in his gruff tones, yet softly. "Shall we see each other again? So close through the thick time, so far apart now in the peace of our homes! Those warm hands which cared for me when I was freezing and dying in Russia—I shall touch them perhaps never again."

Francois, forgotten in the general's very French access of emotion, squatted in front of him and regarded him in a practical peasant fashion. With that he spoke, businesslike, fatherly. "One should not say that word, never, my Seigneur," he remarked. "One should believe that the good thing will happen, and if the good God thinks best it will happen. Besides that, if one believes a thing to be true, it is all the same as if it were true."

The general, brought to the right about by this firmness, looked down with an enormous frown. "Ha! A

## OUR FELLER CITIZENS

BY H. SIBLEY.

PIONEER'S DAY.

J. M. Studebaker, sr., was born on a farm eighty years ago. He began his career as a blacksmith, but decided he would rather become a millionaire than spend the rest of his days shoeing horses and ironing wagon bodies, so he did.

How T. L. Howard, who is probably better informed on the early history of this county than any other one man, first saw the light in 1847. Among his many other distinctions, he was wounded at the battle of Shiloh.

Samuel T. Applegate, the oldest druggist in the city, first learned the rudiments of the English language and the elementary principles of pedal locomotion in New Jersey some seventy years ago.

Caleb A. Kimball was wearing knee pants down in Yarmouth, Mass., before our oldest pioneers had discarded their nursing bottles, and as soon as he was old enough to vote he came to South Bend, which city, according to the last election, proved to be a very good place to vote.

R. F. Dunn, who is three months and twenty-six days older than the



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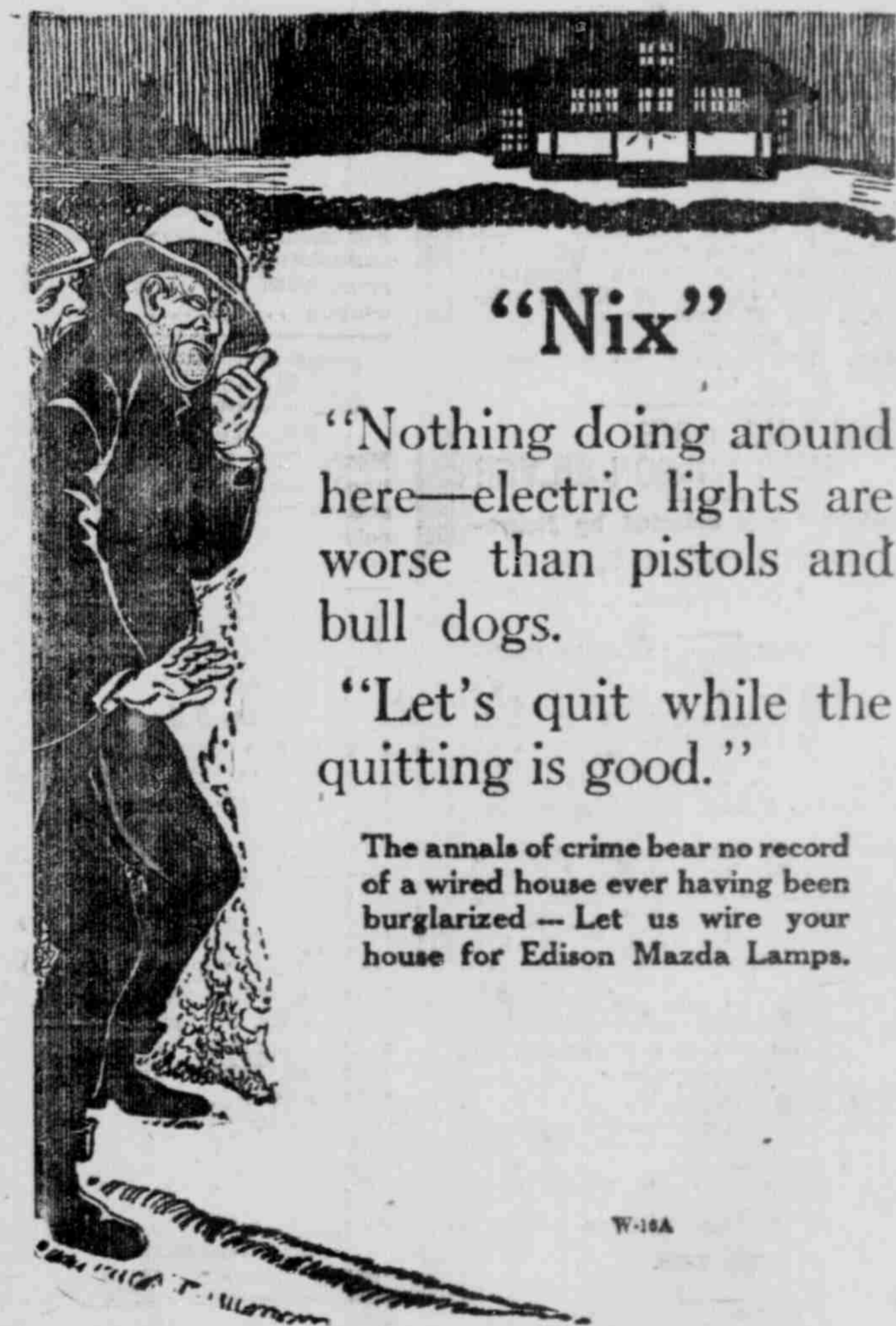
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## TOLD HER TO STAY AWAY FROM WINDOW

PATERSON, N. J., Nov. 10.—In her suit for divorce filed here, Mrs. Minnie

Henderson charges that her husband made her stay in the house on Labor day and warned her "not to go near the window" while the Labor day parade of the Butler, N. J., firemen, the season's event, was in progress.